

New Ballad.

To an Excellent French Tune.

WHEN two forlorn St---fmen, by Accident, met,
Quoth the Pupil to B---b, do'st think it is fit
That we the fierce Tempest which threatens abide?
Or launch on the Deep for the opposite Side?

Why, H---l! said the other, thou shew'st too much Fear,
I do not preceive that the Danger's so near;
But shou'd the Cloud gather, I'll e're it can break,
By tricking, as usual, preserve my own N---k.

That you much excel in't I've Reason to own,
But since we're obnoxious to C---ry and T---wn,
To save my own Bacon I'll timely provide,
Least staying here longer, I stemn not the Tide.

But ere I elope I will very well weigh
What Crimes to my Charge the two H---ses can lay,
And if they've no Proof I've serv'd the P---der,
(Though that's to be fear'd) my self I'll surrender.

If I, by meer Chance, the young G---n saw,
Sure that is no Crime in the Eye of the Law;
But I very much dread the Wh---gs will discover
That I espous'd him 'gainst those of H---ver.

There's one Thing, I own, gives me frequent Alarms,
And that's the withdrawing our Conquering Arms,
When L---s by Ch---l so humble was made,
For that has undone both the K---m and T---de.

Had M---bro' continu'd our Chief in the Field,
The Helm of *Great-Britain* not long we had held,
For he, as before, the *French* wou'd have worsted,
And therefore his G---ce no longer was trusted.

Fain would I, but cannot, dissemble my Fears
That we, for what's done, shall be lugg'd by the Ears;
Yet when I look back on the San---drin's Votes,
I'm not without hopes we shall sleep in whole Coats.

Oh! Bob, take't for granted the Wh---gs will ne'er cease
Till we are both H---g'd for our notable P---ce;
Nor is it unlikely, when all Things are known,
They'll speak with another who once wore the G---wn.

Had you and I, Hal, ere we found it too late,
Agreed somewhat better in Maxims of S---te,
Our Martyr, the Q---n, might have liv'd, Ten to One,
Till he had arriv'd we design'd for her Th---ne.

'Tis time to be gone, I'll pack up and away:
Farewell to thee Tr---kster; but if you long stay,
Believe me, or if you will not thou may'st chuse,
It's very great odds that you'll dye in your Shoes.